

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

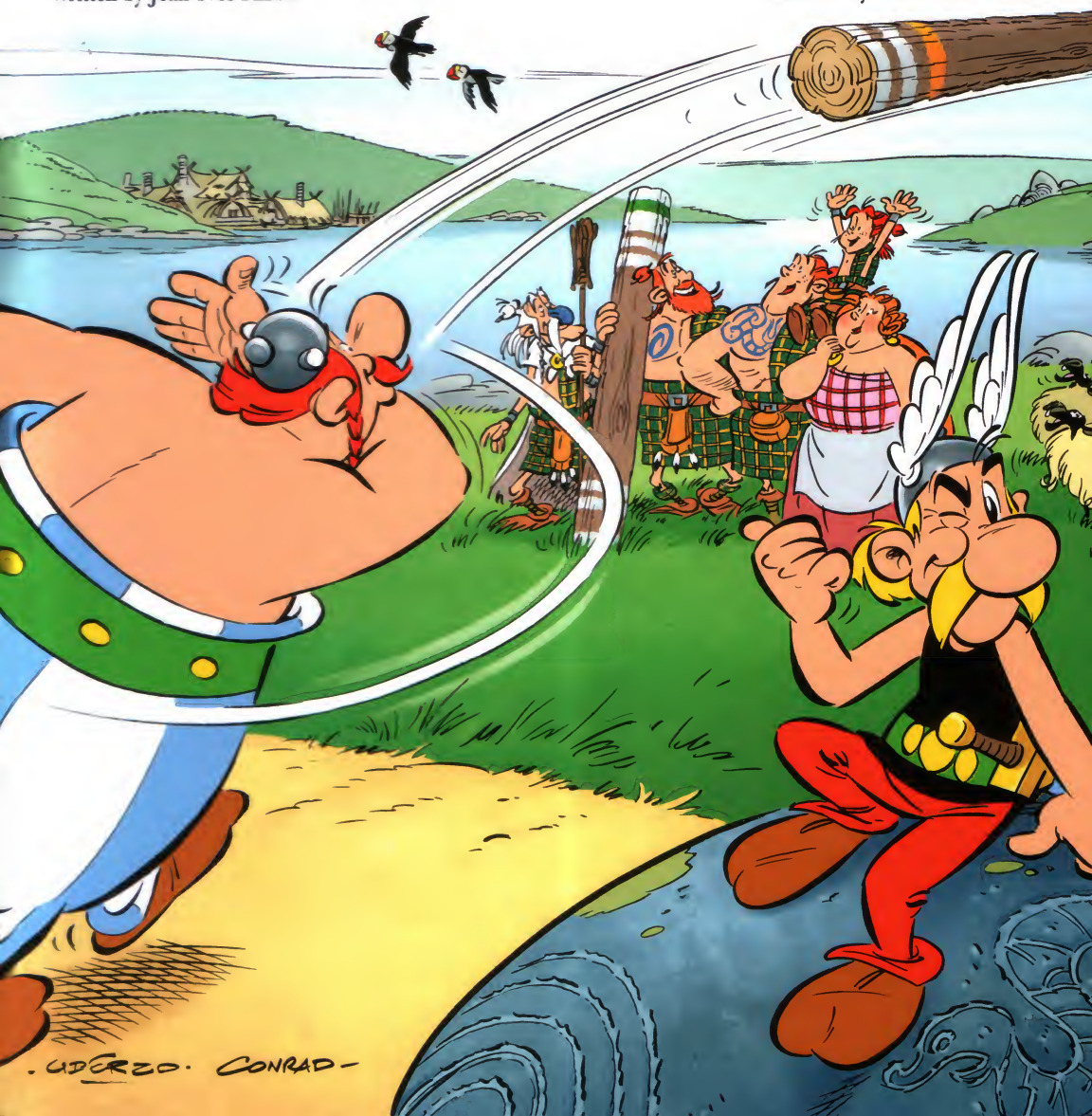
# Asterix

AND  
THE

# Picts

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

*An Asterix Adventure*

# ASTERIX AND THE PICTS

*Written by* JEAN-YVES FERRI

*Illustrated by* DIDIER CONRAD

*Translated by* ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI, MURIELLE LEROI, RAPHAËL DELERUE



*Congratulations to Jean-Yves Ferri and Didier Conrad for having the courage and talent to write and draw this new Asterix album. Thanks to them, the Gaulish village created with my friend René Goscinny can go on having new adventures to delight readers of the series.*

*Albert Uderzo*

*The memory of René Goscinny is never far away when Asterix is being brought to life. Until the present, the huge talent of Albert Uderzo has worked to preserve it. Today, now that Albert has watched over the production of the first album on which the original creators did not work, I like to think that my father would be proud of the authors to whom we have entrusted the famous little Gaul — as proud and happy as I am.*

*Anne Goscinny*



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## a few of the Gauls

Asterix, the hero of these adventures. A shrewd, cunning little warrior, all perilous missions are immediately entrusted to him. Asterix gets his superhuman strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Getafix ...



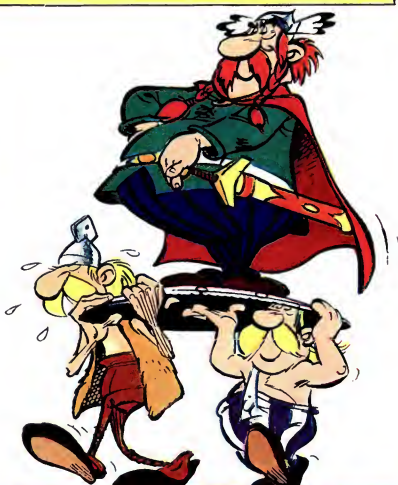
Obelix, Asterix's inseparable friend. A menhir delivery-man by trade, addicted to wild boar. Obelix is always ready to drop everything and go off on a new adventure with Asterix – so long as there's wild boar to eat, and plenty of fighting. His constant companion is Dogmatix, the only known canine ecologist, who howls with despair when a tree is cut down.



Getafix, the venerable village druid. Gathers mistletoe and brews magic potions. His speciality is the potion which gives the drinker superhuman strength. But Getafix also has other recipes up his sleeve ...



Cacophonix, the bard. Opinion is divided as to his musical gifts. Cacophonix thinks he's a genius. Everyone else thinks he's unspeakable. But so long as he doesn't speak, let alone sing, everybody likes him ...



Finally, Vitalstatistix, the chief of the tribe. Majestic, brave and hot-tempered, the old warrior is respected by his men and feared by his enemies. Vitalstatistix himself has only one fear, he is afraid the sky may fall on his head tomorrow. But as he always says, 'Tomorrow never comes'.





The year is 50B.C. Gaul is entirely occupied by the Romans. Well, not entirely . . . One small village of indomitable Gauls still holds out against the invaders. And life is not easy for the Roman legionaries who garrison the fortified camps of Totorum, Aquarium, Laudanum and Compendium...



OCCASIONALLY THE PLEASANT CLIMATE OF ARMORICA GAVE WAY TO THE STORMY WEATHER OF A HARD WINTER... IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS MORNING AFTER SEVERAL COLD DAYS, A PALE SUN COMES OUT AT LAST TO WARM THE LITTLE VILLAGE THAT WE KNOW SO WELL...

**FRESH FiSH!**

BUY MY NICE FRESH FISH!

**UNHYGIENIX**

**HUH!**

FRESH, IS IT? TELL US ANOTHER!

HI, GERIATRIX! STILL A BIT NIPPY, EH?

OY! HERE'S CAESAR'S HEAD!

**THAT WAS NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!**  
I'VE SEEN WORSE!

IN THE YEAR 50 BY (BEFORE VITAL-STATISTIX), IT WAS SO COLD THAT THE SEA FROZE OVER! SEAGULLS CRASH-LANDED ON THE WAVES!

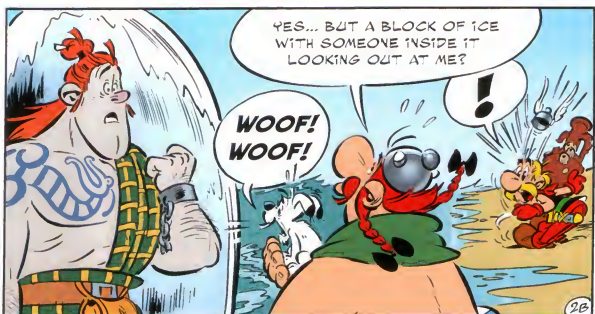
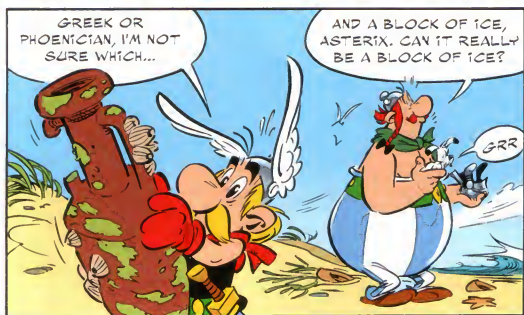
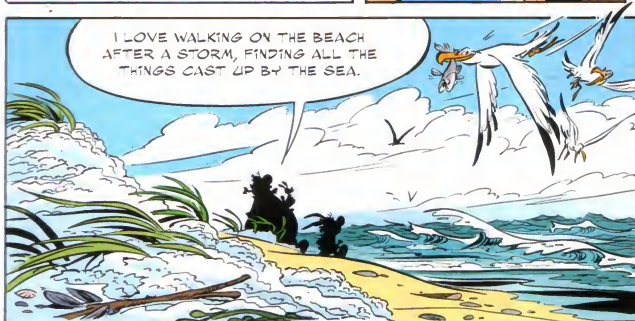
GERIATRIX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS WEATHER? YOU KNOW YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH!

...FROZEN SEA MONSTERS CAME UP FROM THE SEA!

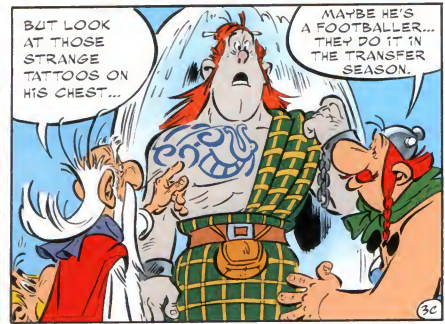
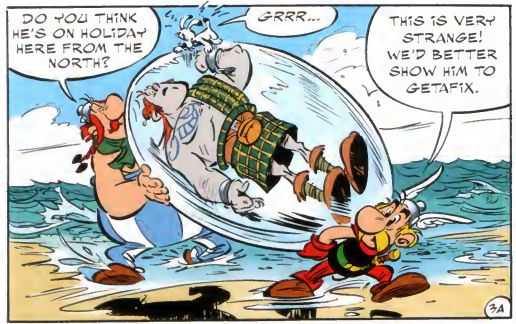
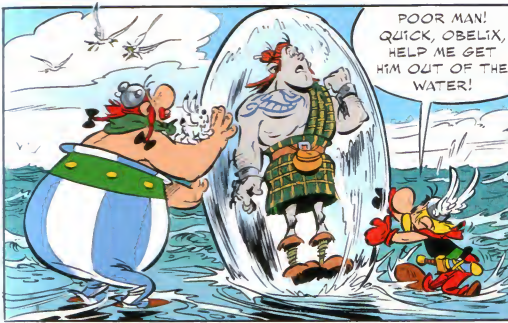
WE PUSHED THEM BACK WITH STALACTITES.

POOR OLD GERIATRIX! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN INCLINED TO RAMBLE ON.



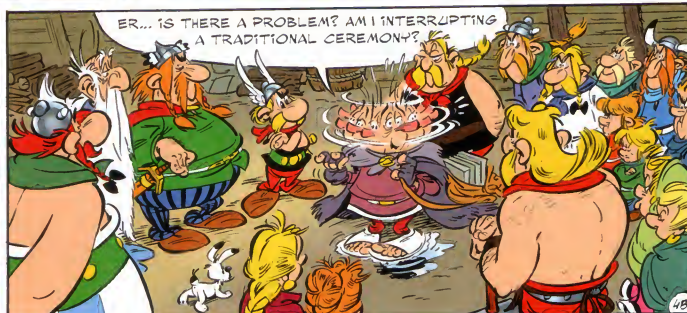
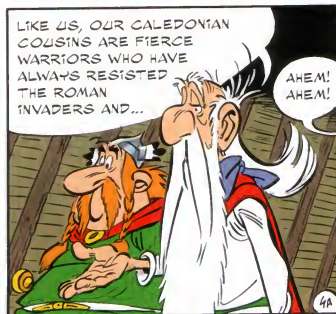
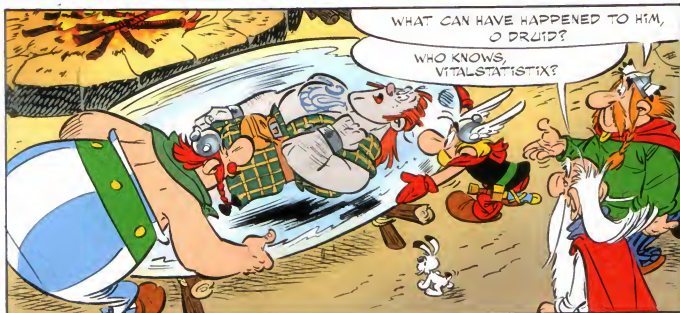
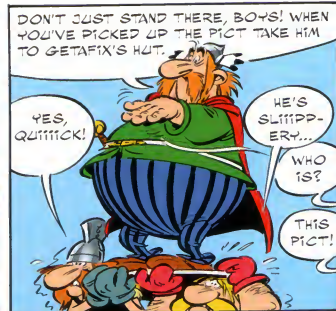




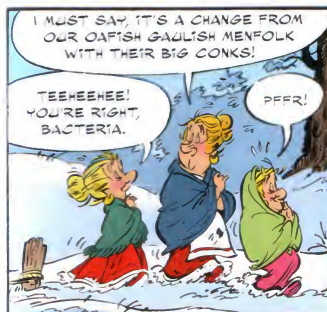
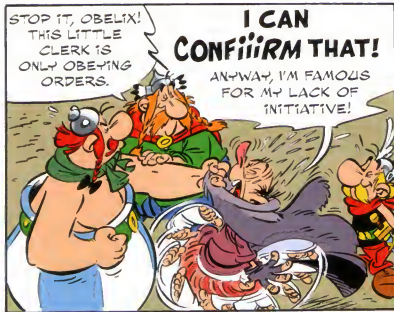
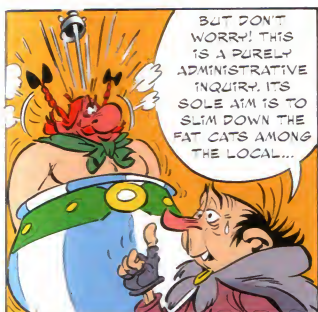


\* NATIVE OF HIBERNIA, NOW IRELAND.











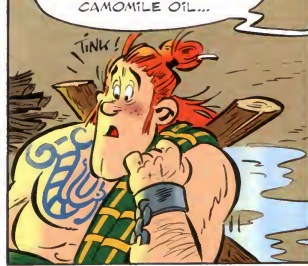
SEVERAL HOURS LATER.



AND NOW TO STIMULATE THE PULSE GENTLY.



HAWTHORN LEAF, MISTLETOE LEAVES, CAMOMILE OIL...



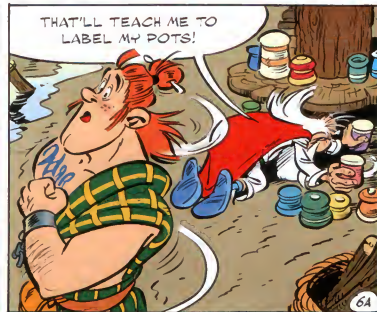
HE MUSTN'T COME ROUND TOO SUDDENLY.



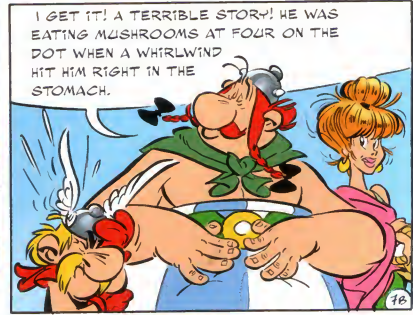
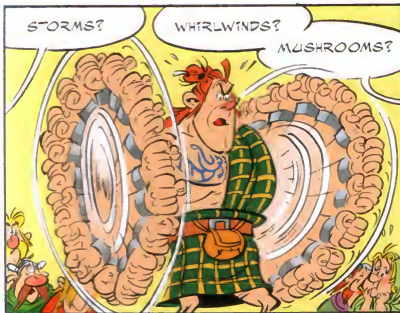
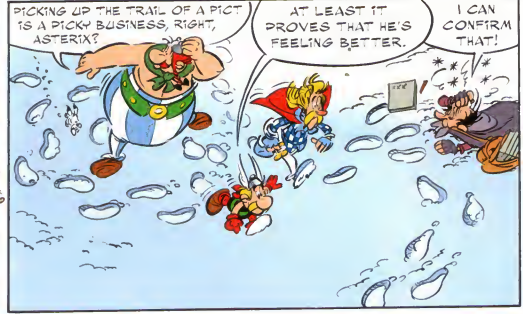
NOW WHAT DID I DO WITH MY POT OF CAMOMILE OIL?



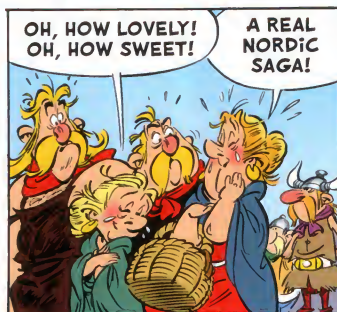
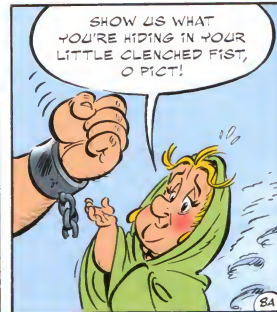
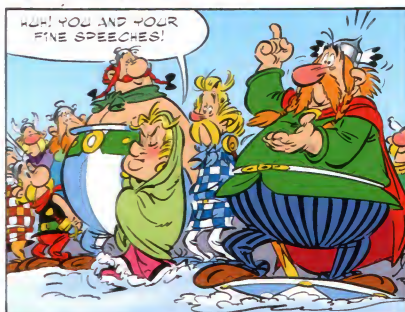
THAT'LL TEACH ME TO LABEL MY POTS!



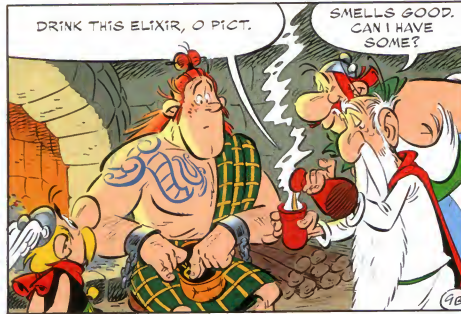
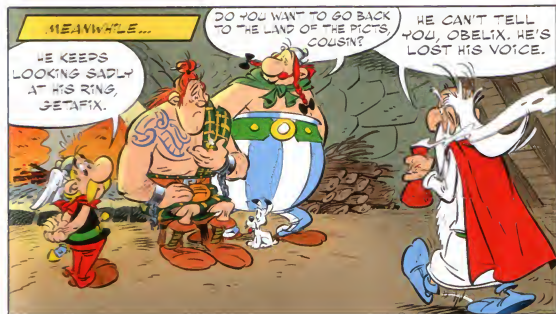
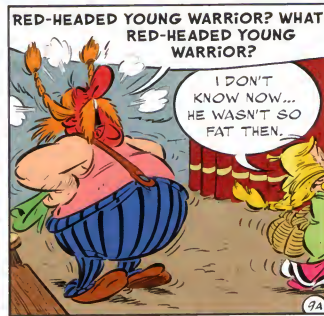
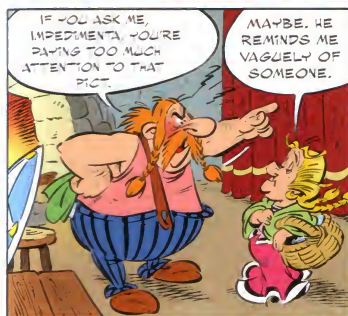
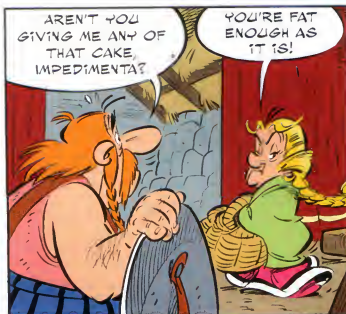




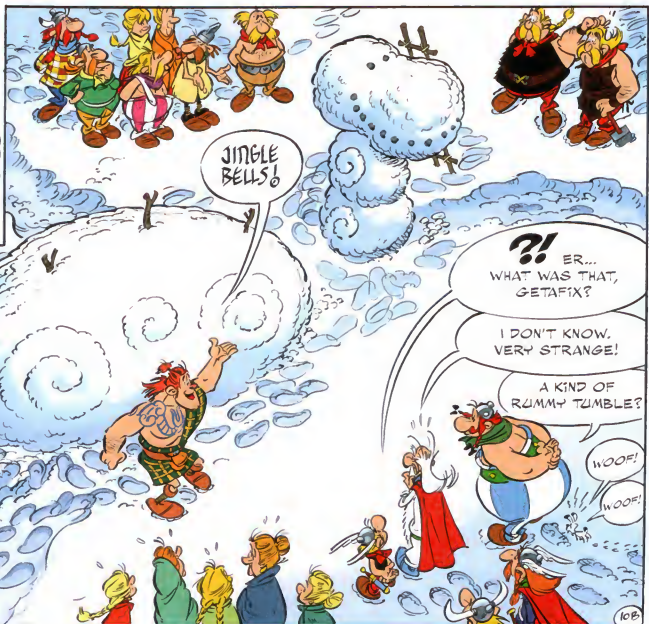
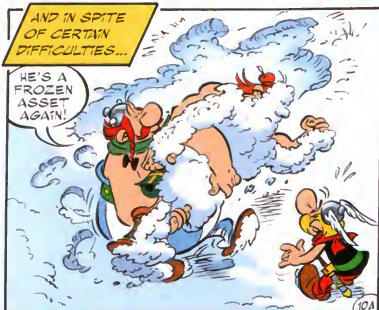
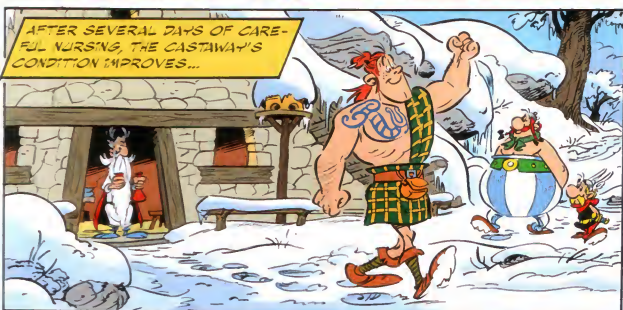




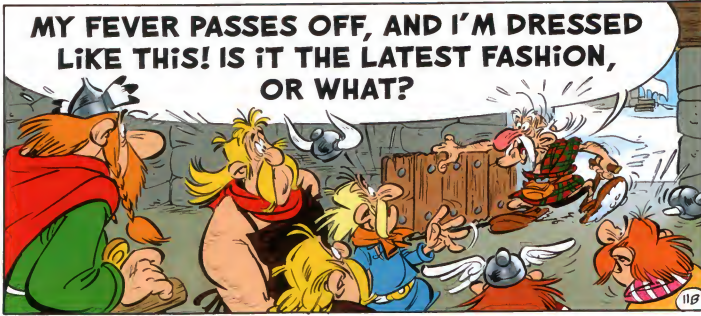
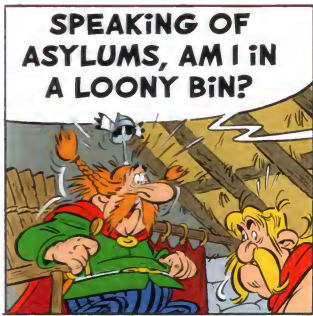
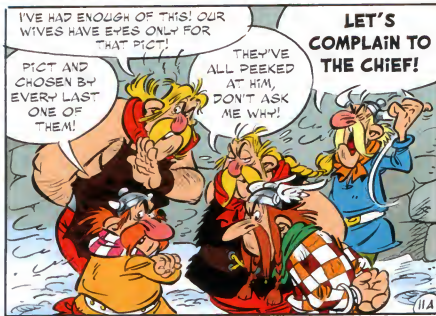
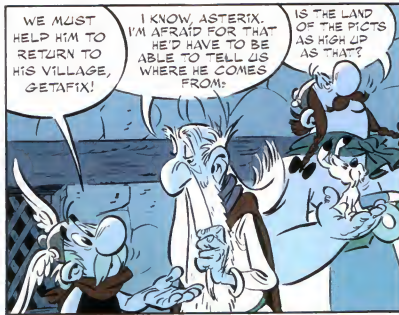




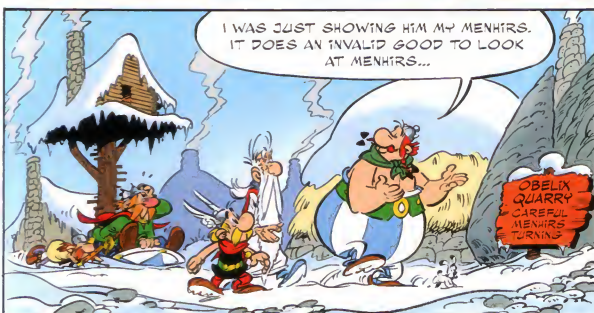
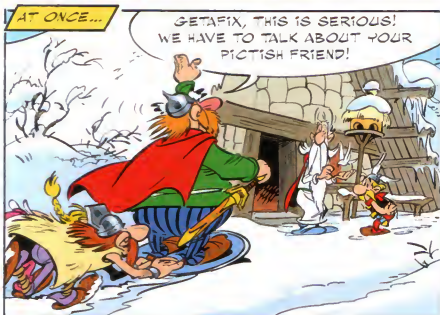




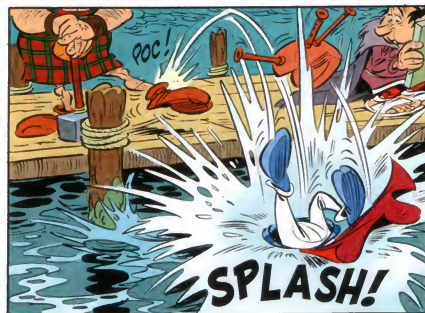
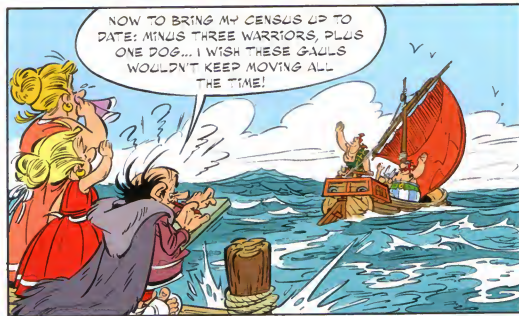
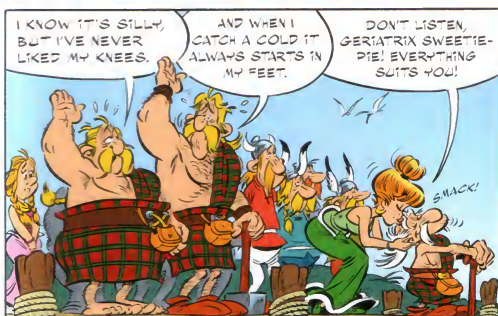
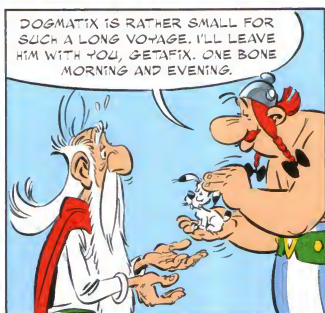
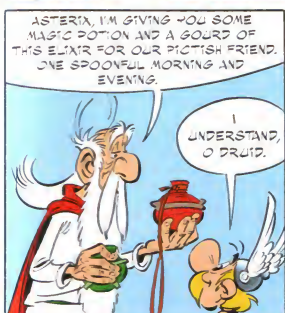
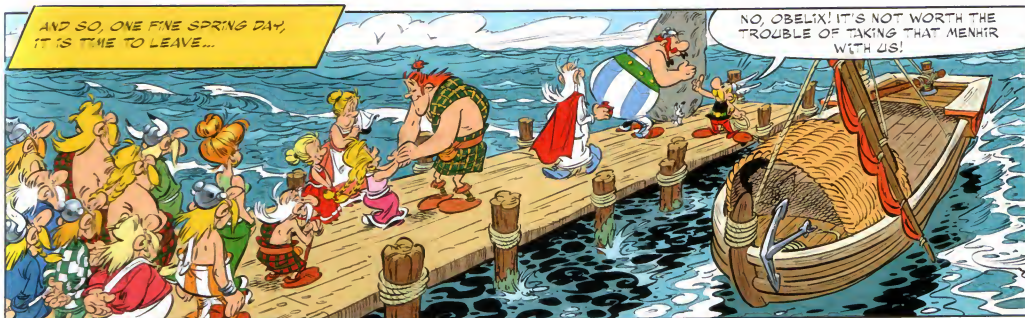




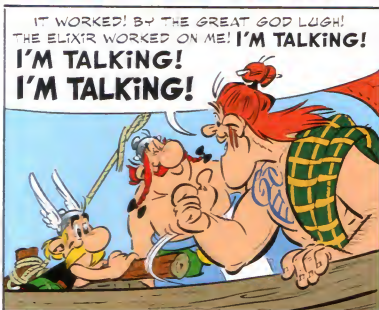
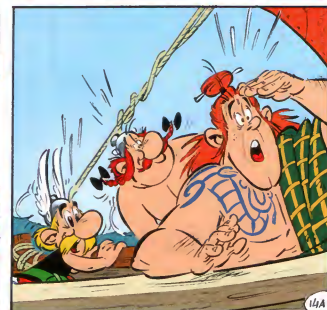
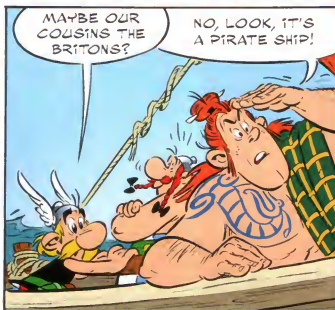
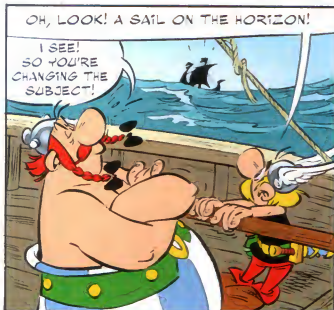
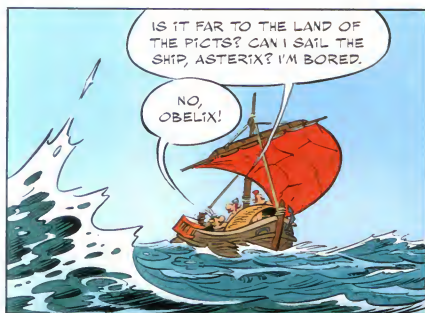




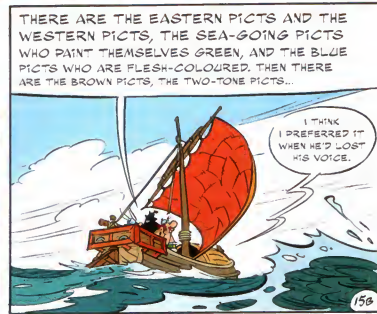
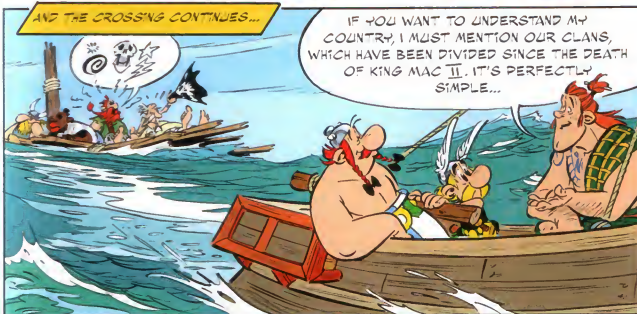
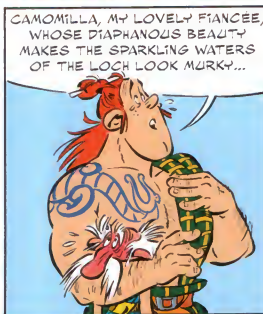
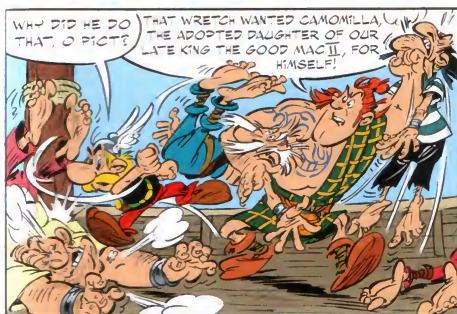
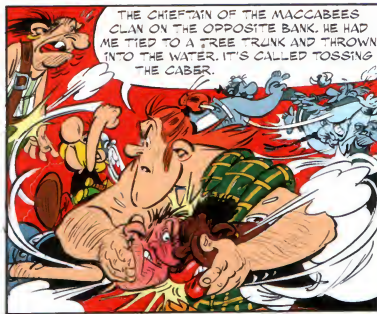








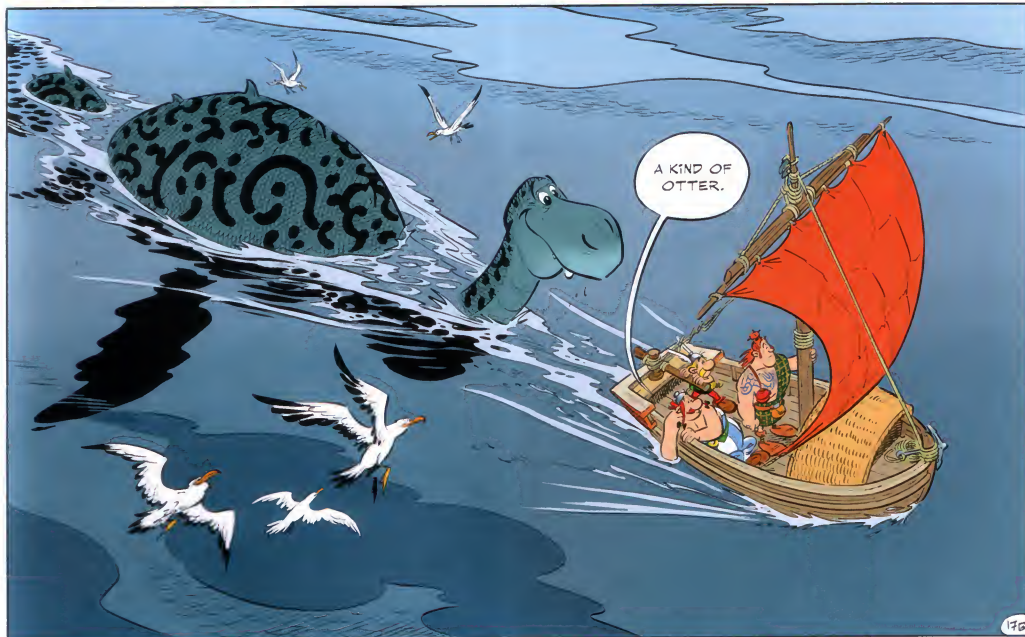
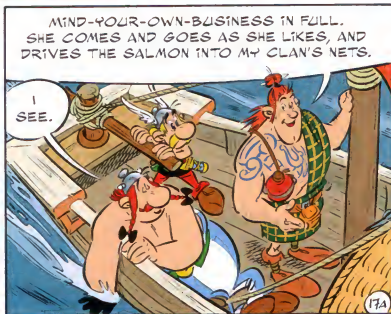
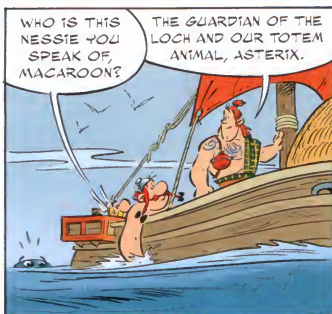
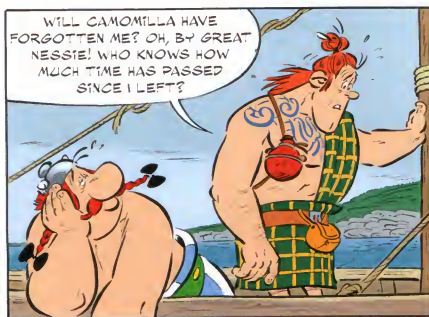
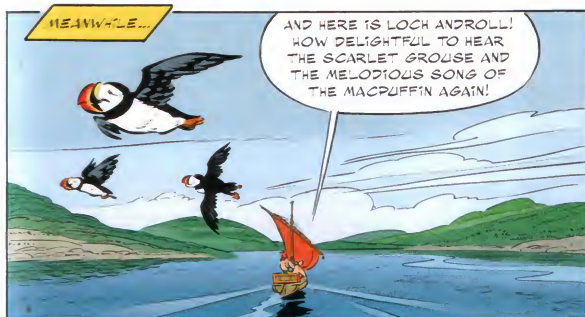




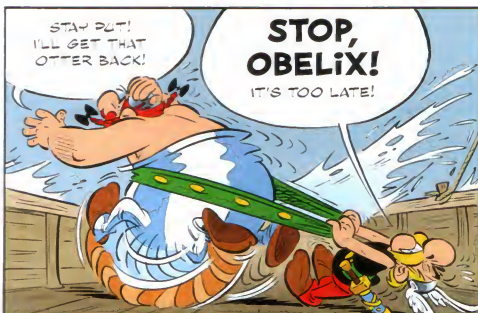
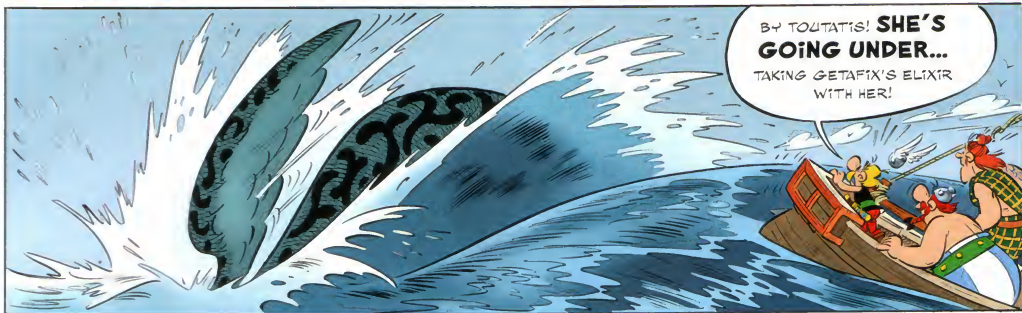
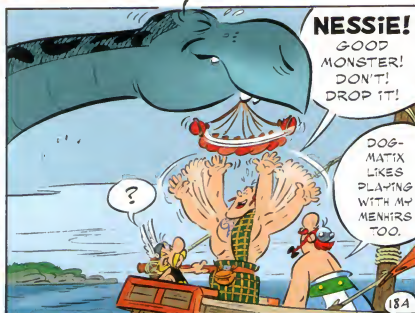
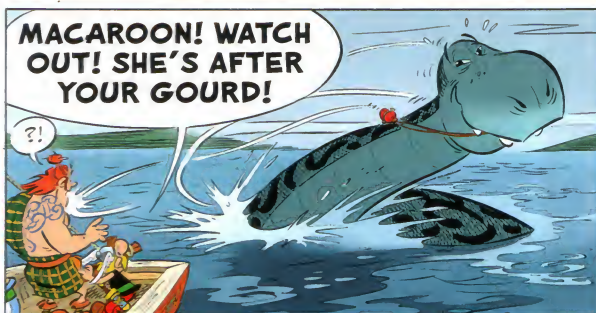
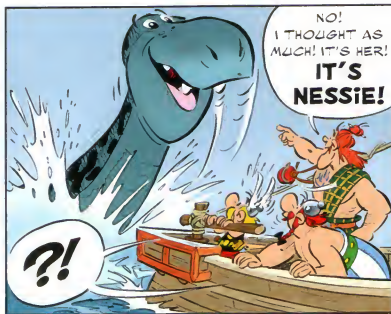
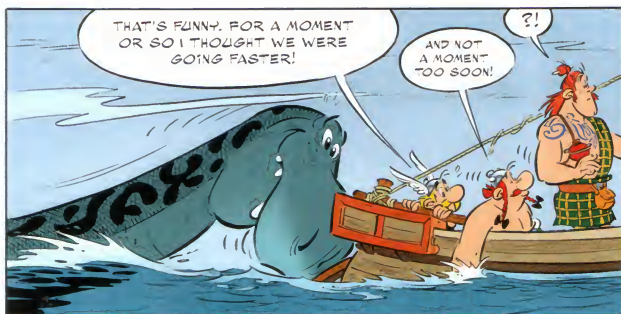




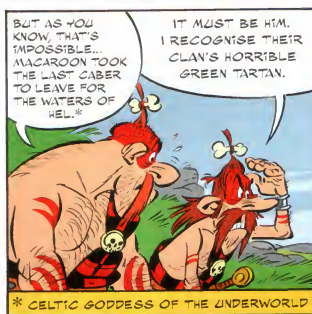
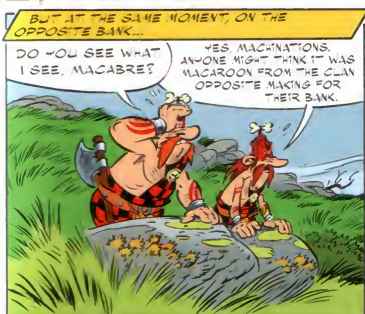
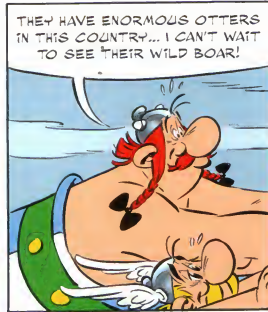








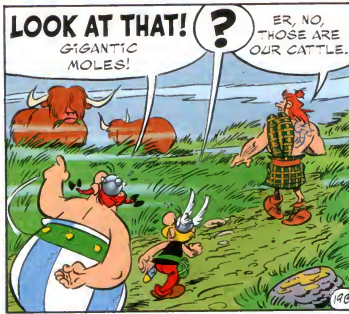
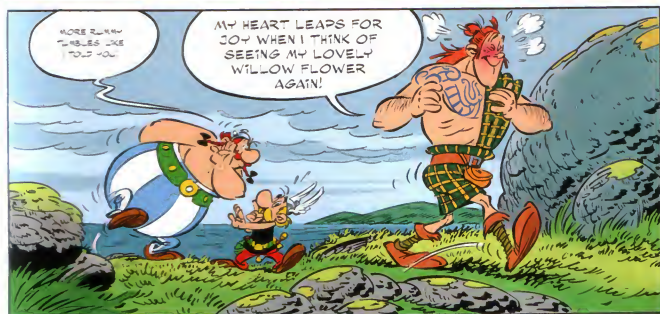
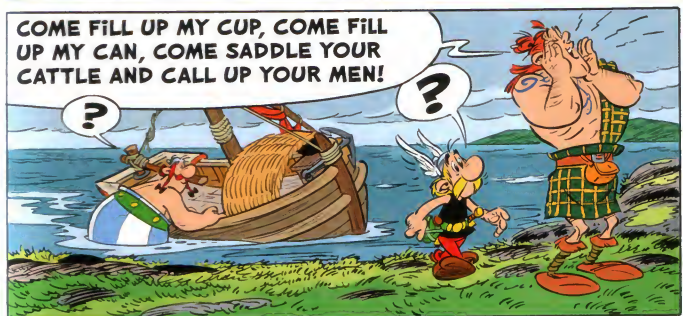




\* CELTIC GODDESS OF THE UNDERWORLD

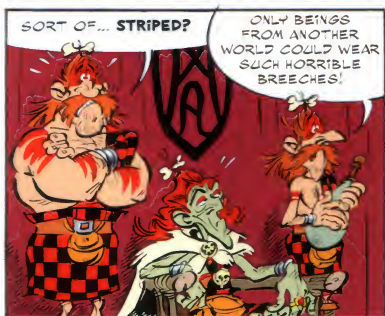
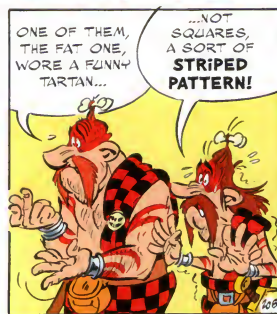
\* GOD OF NOISE AND BEES

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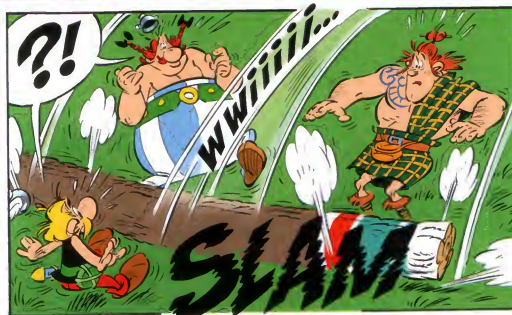


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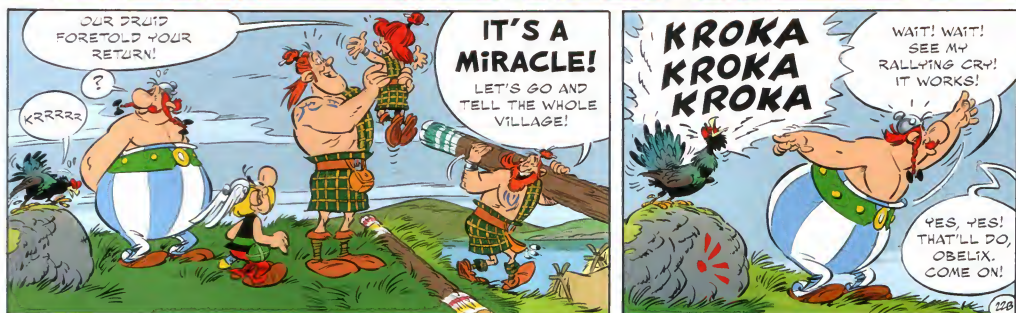
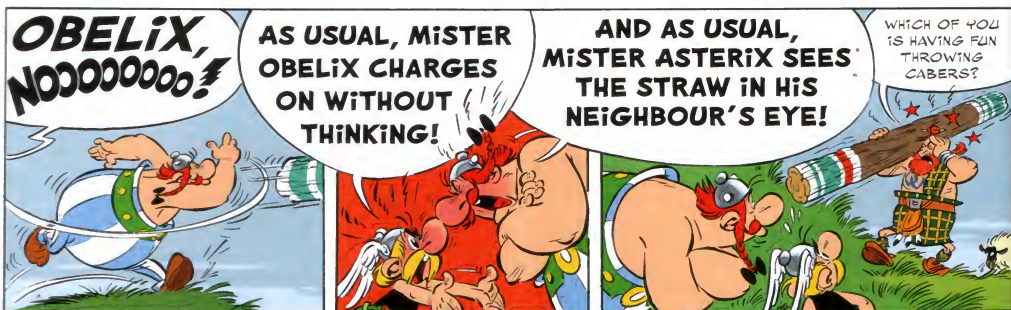




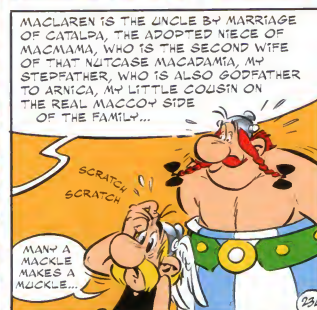
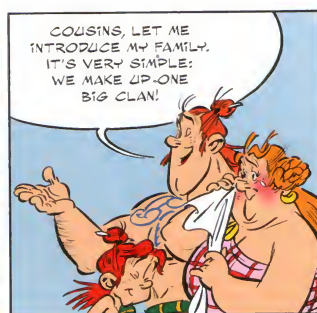














**OBElix,  
OLD FRIEND,  
YOU'LL END  
UP HURTING  
SOMEONE!**

**OH, YES? SO MISTER  
ASTERIX DOESN'T APPROVE  
OF HIGHLAND GAMES, IS  
THAT RIGHT?**

COLLIDING WITH  
A TREE IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE  
FOG! IT'S NOT  
NATURAL!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE  
TURNING BACK.  
WE'LL SAY WE  
COULDN'T SEE  
THE WAY.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
LOCH, THE ROMANS ARE MAKING PROGRESS...

NEARLY THERE,  
PALLACIUS. I'LL SPEAK  
TO THE MEN.

**LEGIONARIES!**

LET ME REMIND YOU, WE ARE ON  
AN ULTRA-SECRET MISSION IN  
PICTISH TERRITORY!

WHAT? SPEAK UP, WE CAN'T HEAR  
YOU HERE AT THE BACK!

WE ARE HERE AT THE INVITATION  
OF CHIEF MACCABAEUS, A FAR-  
SIGHTED CHIEFTAIN WHO WANTS  
AN ALLIANCE WITH ROME!

HOME SWEET HOME.  
I NEVER DID LIKE  
ROAMING.

AND SO, MEN, I EXPECT AN  
EXEMPLARY ATTITUDE FROM YOU.  
OUR PASSWORD IS COURAGE  
AND BRAVERY!

**OFF WE GO!**

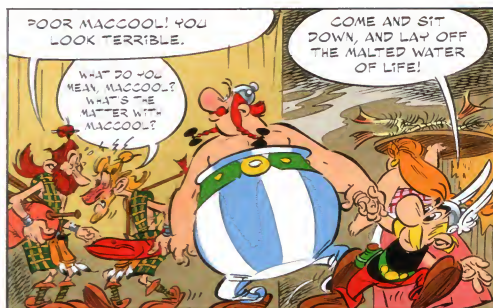
PORRIDGE AND GRAVY? THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT.  
WHAT DO YOU SAY, LADS?













AT THE SAME  
MOMENT,  
ON THE  
OPPOSITE  
BANK...

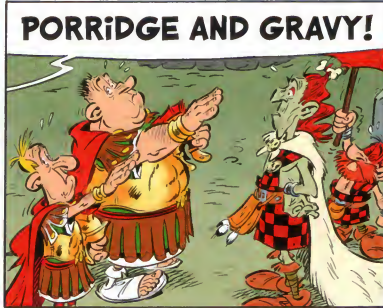
MACCABAEUS, FUTURE KING OF THE PICTS, WELCOMES HIS ROMAN ALLIES!



AVE MACCABAEUS. THROUGH  
US, JULIUS CAESAR'S  
VANGUARD SALUTES YOU!



**PORRIDGE AND GRAVY!**



WHAT'S WRONG? WEREN'T  
WE SUPPOSED TO GIVE  
THE PASSWORD?



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR  
THE CEREMONY, O ROMAN!

NO PROBLEMS -  
THE WAY WAS WELL  
SIGNPOSTED.



COME ON UP AND  
I'LL TELL YOU MY  
PLANS!



**NOT YOU, YOU IDIOTS.  
YOU STAY HERE AND  
FRATERNISE WITH  
OUR ALLIES.**



ER... AVE!

HOW'S  
"TRICKS?"

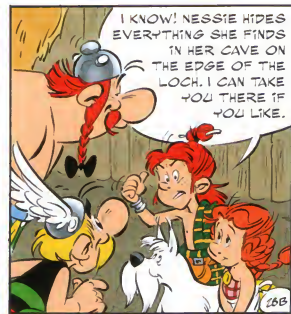
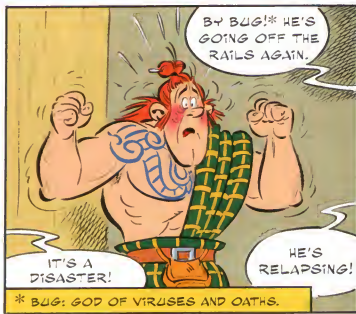
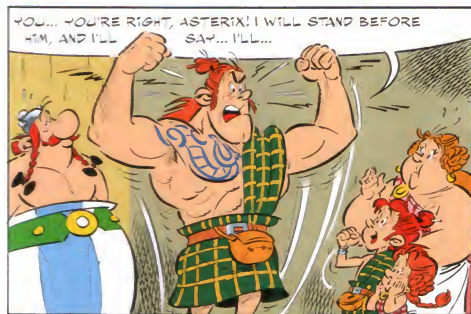
THE TIMES ARE OUT  
OF JOINT, AS YOU  
MIGHT SAY.

THAT'S  
RIGHT...

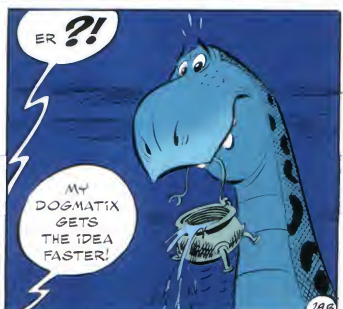
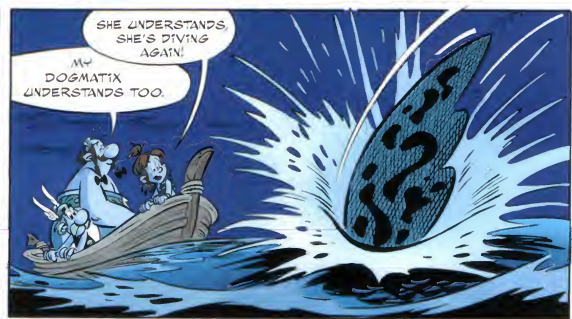
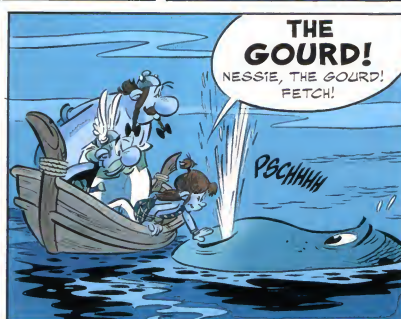
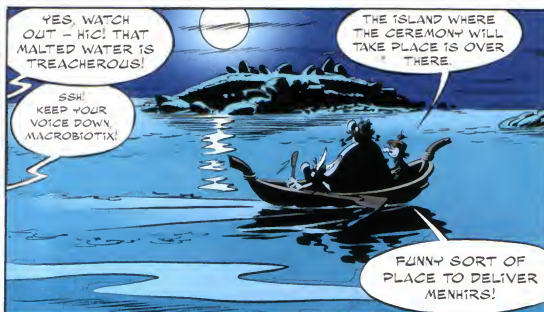


AND IS  
THAT YOUR  
NATURAL COLOUR?

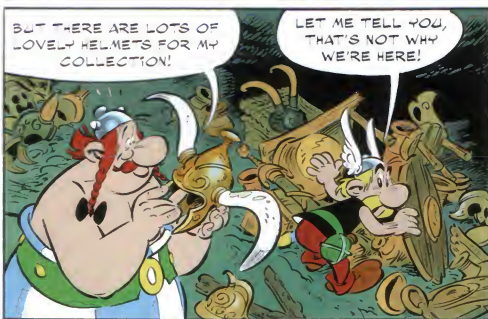
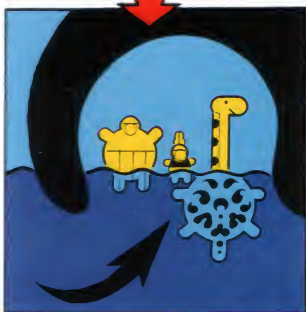
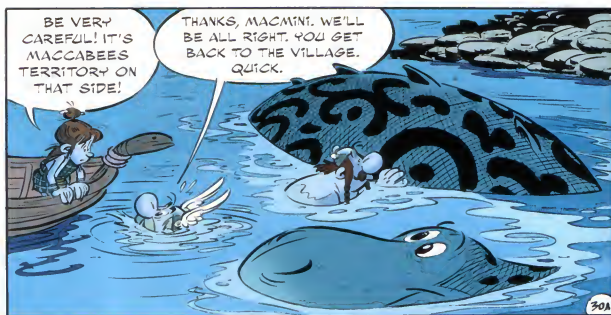




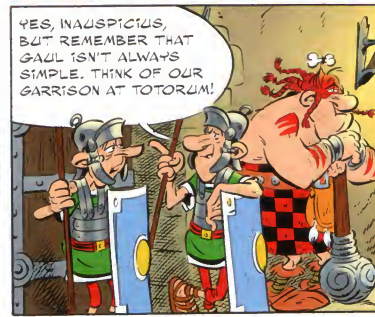
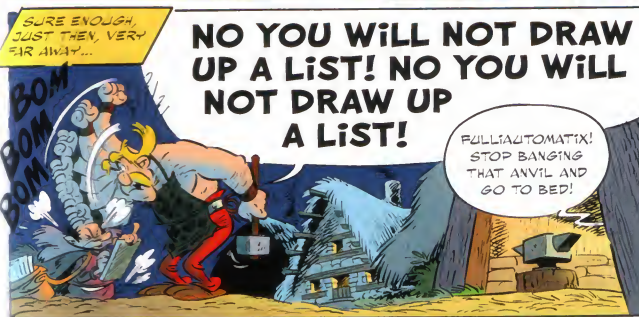
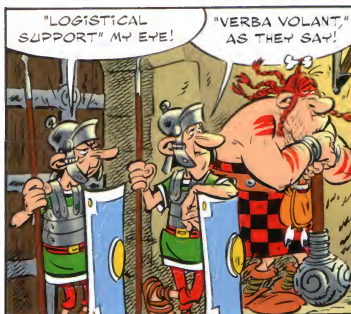




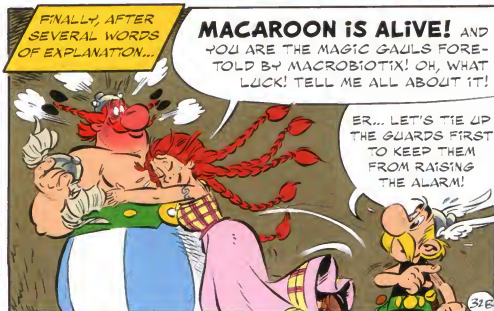
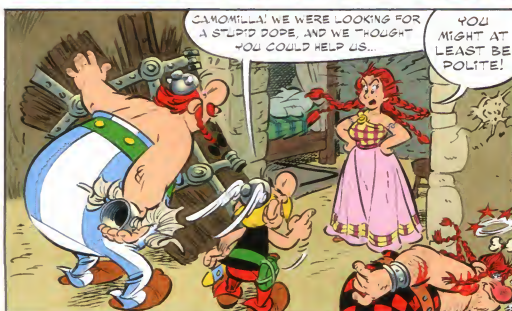
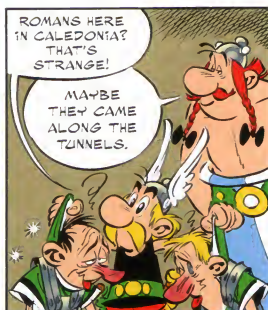
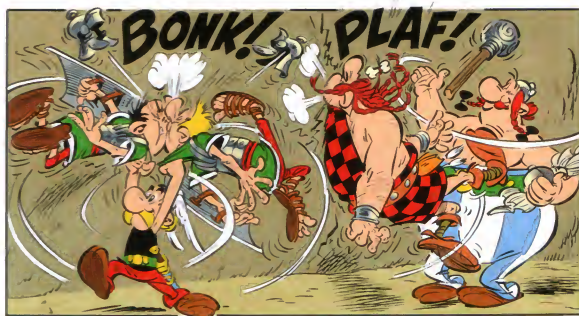




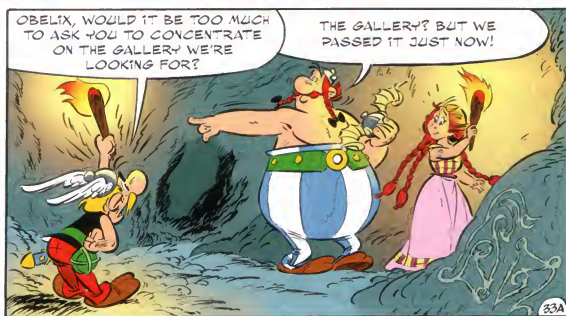
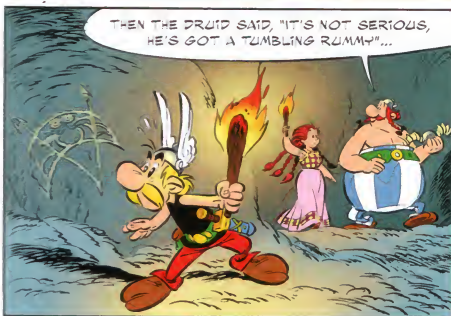
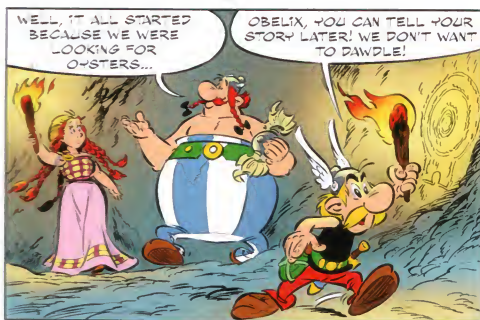




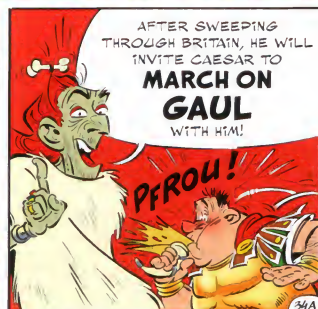














DAY IS DAWNING... THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOCH IS SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT BEFORE THE CEREMONY TO ACCLAIM THE NEW KING...



OUIIIIN BOM BOM BOM  
BLEEAT BLEEAT PEEWIT

...CAUSING CONFUSION AMONG SOME OF THE LOCAL INHABITANTS...



ALL THE LEADING CLAN CHIEFTAINS HAVE COME. PICTS OF THE PLAINS, WOODLAND PICTS, PAUNCHY PICTS, SPOTTED PICTS, LAUGHING PICTS, YELLOW WATER PICTS... YOU COULD CALL THEM A PICKED BUNCH.



OUIIIIIINNNNN

EVEN A GREAT WHITE PICT HAS COME.



WHITE IS SO ELEGANT!

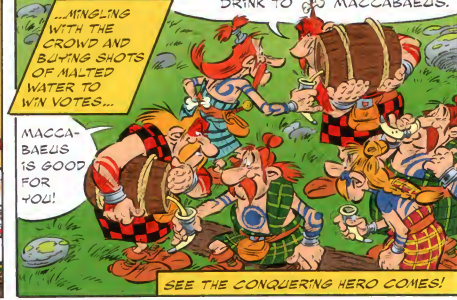
YES, BUT IT SHOWS THE DIRT.

MACCABAEUS AND HIS SUPPORTERS ADVANCE...



...MINGLEING WITH THE CROWD AND BUYING SHOTS OF MALTED WATER TO WIN VOTES...

MACCABAEUS IS GOOD FOR YOU!



DRINK TO OUI MACCABAEUS.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

THE VOTING PROCEDURE FOR A CANDIDATE TO ASCEND THE THRONE IS RATHER COMPLICATED. FIRST COME THE INDEPENDENTS...



YOU KNOW ME, FRIENDS. I DON'T BELONG TO ANY CLAN...

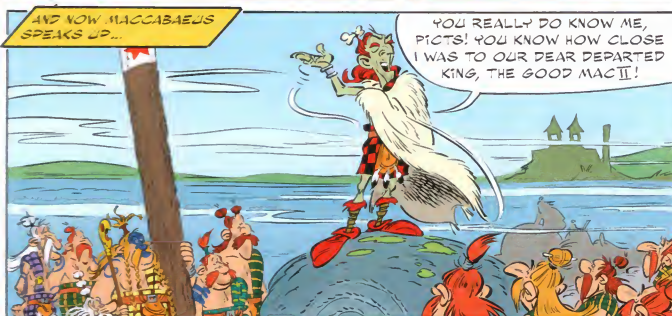
BUT THE ASSEMBLY OF CHIEFTAINS HAS A RIGHT OF VETO.



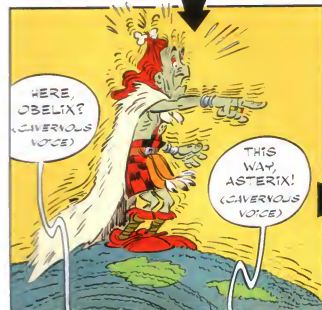
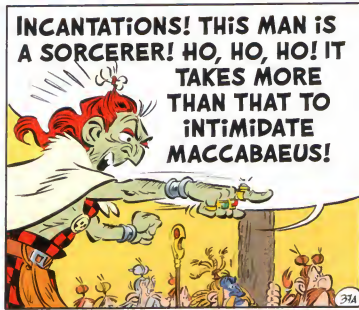
AND EVEN THE PICT NATS FIND IT HEAVY GOING.



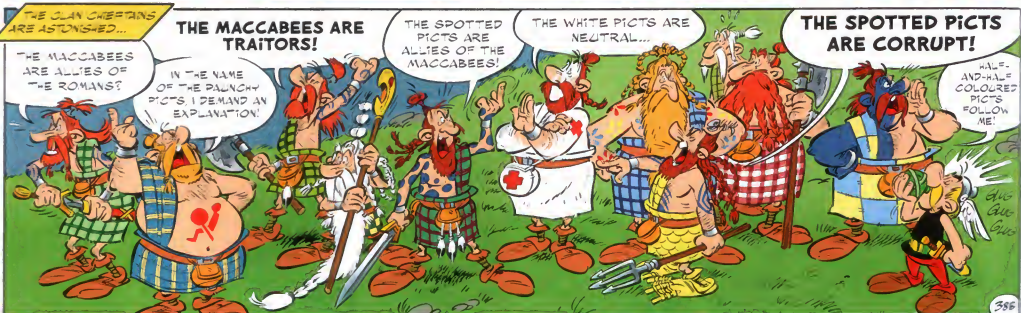
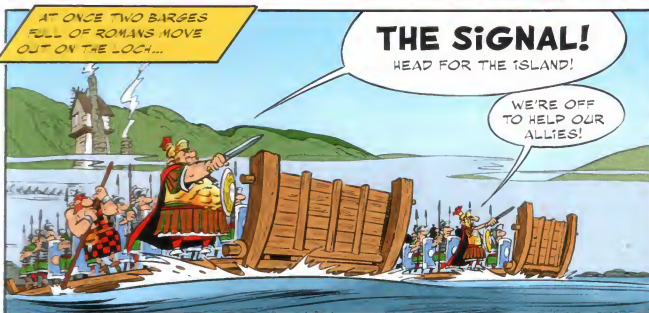
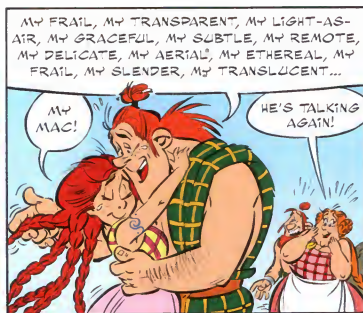
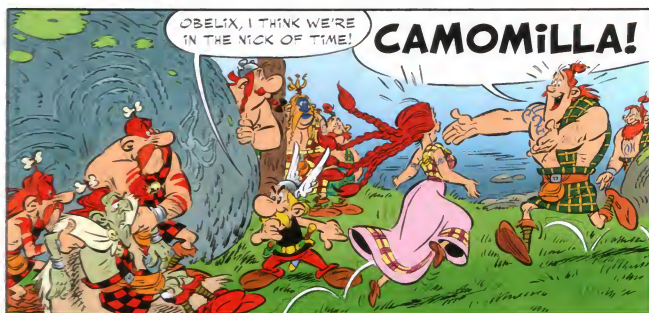








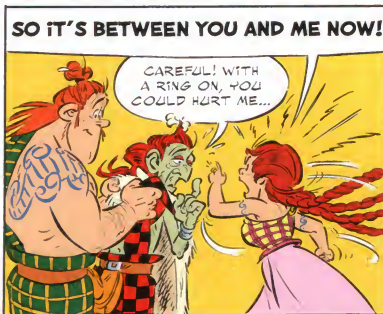
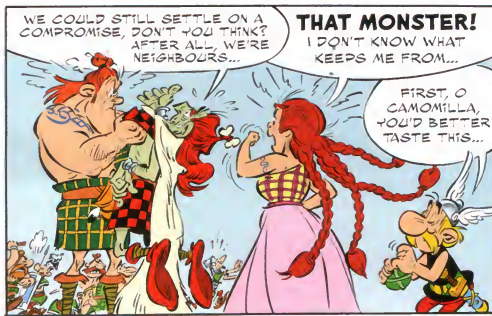
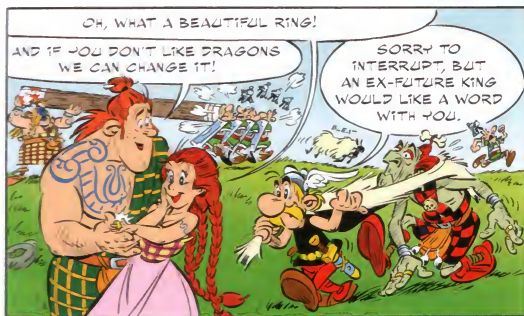




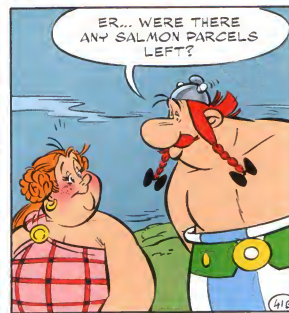
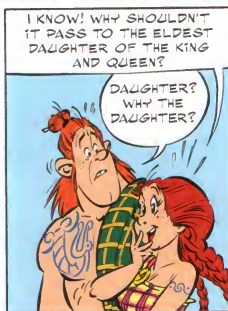
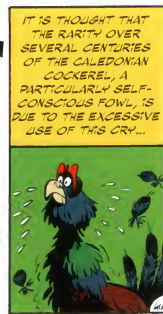
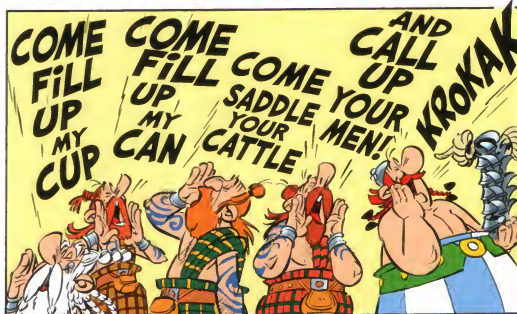




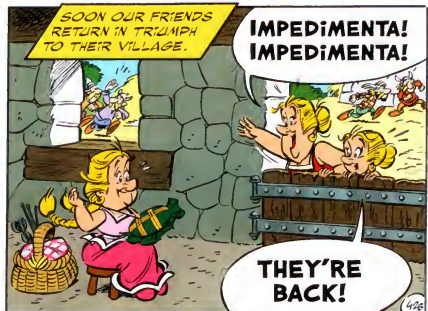
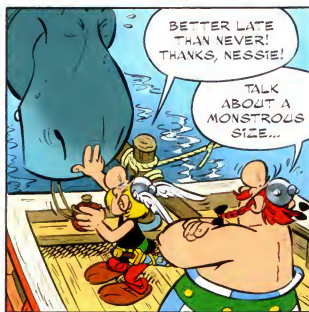
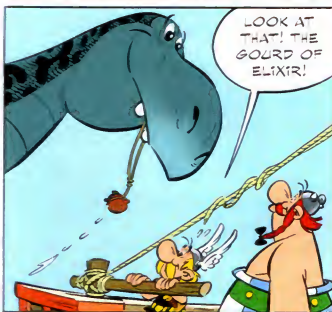
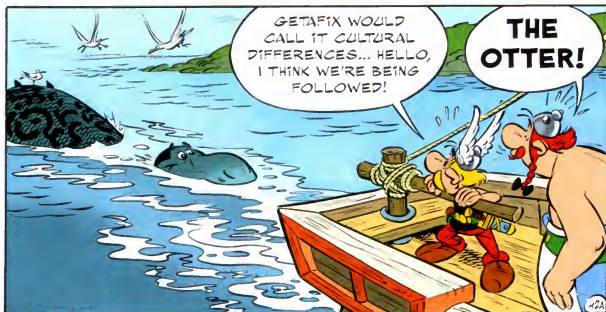
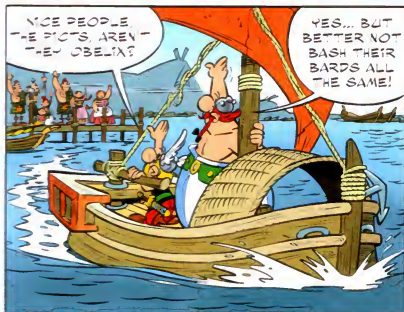




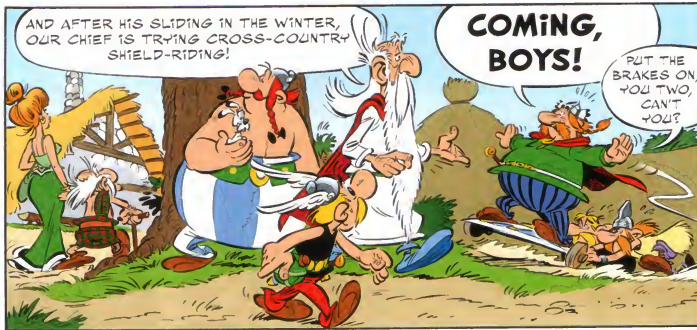
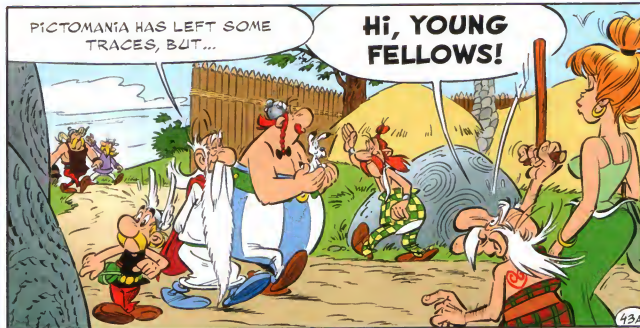
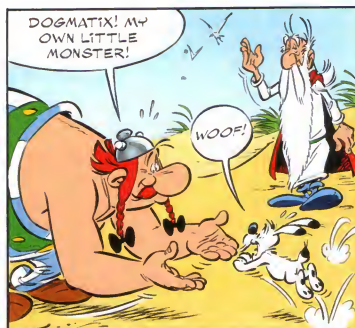
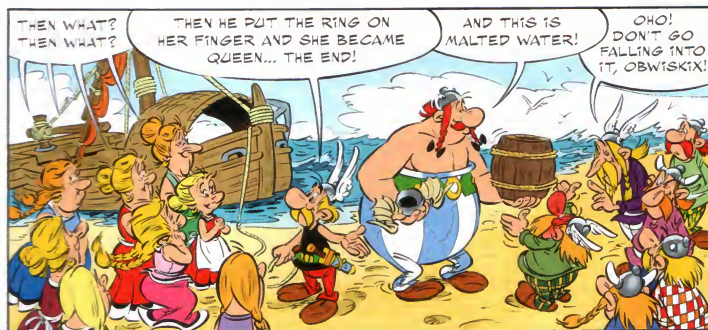














OH, FOR JUPITER'S SAKE! AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO COUNT THEM ALL AGAIN! HOW IS ANYONE EXPECTED TO TAKE A CENSUS IN A VILLAGE OF MADMEN WHERE THEY KEEP ON MOVING AND DON'T CARE A BIT?

OH YES, I WAS FORGETTING.



AND I DON'T COUNT FOR ANYTHING!

**I'M SICK OF IT!**

WE MUST DO SOMETHING, OBELIX!

WHY NOT SEND HIM TO COUNT THE PICTS?



WE'LL GET A TREE TRUNK, PUT HIM ON IT AND...

HOUUUU!

**NO,**

YOU KNOW DOGMATIX WOULD HATE THAT!



MIGHT AS WELL FINISH IT! REMEMBER, THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING GAULS! THERE IS?

**OOH, YES!**

I KNOW WHAT IT IS!



... AND THE VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING ALL THE GAULS, NOW REUNITED AS OUR CLEVER READERS WILL HAVE GUESSED, IS AT

**THE GREAT FINAL BANQUET, BY TOUTATIS!**

NOT BAD, HIC! BUT NOT AS GOOD AS BARLEY BEER!

NO, NO, MUCH BIGGER THAN AN OTTER.

AND THEY ALSO RESPECT THEIR BARDS.

THEY DO?

XXII  
XXIII  
XXIV

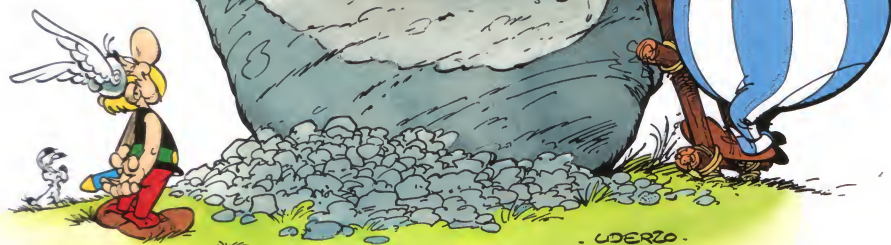


**THE END**

FERRI + CONRAD



When  
Asterix and  
Obelix rescue a  
mysterious Pict  
named MacAroon,  
they must journey  
to Caledonia, now  
Scotland, to return  
him to his lady love,  
Camomilla, the adopted  
daughter of the old king.  
However, the treacherous  
chieftain, MacCabaeus,  
plans to marry her and  
claim the throne – with the  
help of the Romans! What  
with caber-tossing, bagpipes,  
malted water and an enormous  
otter in the loch, can the  
Gauls reunite MacAroon  
and Camomilla and enjoy  
some Roman-bashing  
along the way?



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